THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."—JESUS CHRIST.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

(*From the Deseret Evening News.*)

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 558.]

The following remarks were made by

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG:

The first part of my address will be to those who clamp and stamp. I wish to say to them, wait until you are old enough to know what you are doing. This is my exhortation and my fervent request of the youth. It is not particularly applicable to the Tabernacle, for we seldom hear it here; but to the Theatre. If, when I attend that place of amusement, this request could be granted me, it would be very gratifying. I have noticed the people there applaud and the boys whistle when there was nothing to elicit their approbation; and I would say that it would be very gratifying to my feelings if such useless, noisy, and uncalled for demonstrations were discontinued.

To my brethren and sisters in the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth I will say, we have met here this day to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of our entrance into these valleys. We often say to the people we came here because we were obliged to go somewhere. Not of our own free will and choice did we take up the line of march, and leave our houses, gardens, orchards, green fields, farms, cities, and towns. We had comfortable homes, and we were as industrious before we took up our line of march for these mountains as we have been since. We forsook our possessions, our pleasant places, without anything in return for them except our hope in God. There is credit due to us for what we have accomplished since our arrival here; but I look forward to a day when there will be much more credit due to this people than there is to-day. Many principles have yet to be taught to the Latter-day Saints to bring them to the standard where they will see and understand what is for their best good. Idleness, waste of time, slothfulness, or neglect of work or of any duty brings mischief. It has been truly said, many times, that the idle brain is the workshop of the devil; while industry, prudence, frugality, and faithfulness are calculated to make any people healthy, wealthy, and intelligent. You will almost invariably find that people who are industrious in the common pursuits of life are industrious in improving their minds as far as they have opportunity.

I have an opportunity now of saying a few words to those who are intelligent, and who reflect and understand for themselves? and I say to them, look well to the path you walk in; mark your ways and your steps; let wisdom direct them continually that you may meet the approbation of your father in Heaven. I frequently ask myself the question, "Are the people so ignorant that it will not do to let them exercise the freedom and liberty of their own minds uncontrolled?" We are like the rest of the human family: we need teaching and instruction. Let a child grow up without any instruction from his parents and teachers, and he wan-

ders through the world in ignorance, slothfulness, and neglect. Teach and instruct the mind when it is young in the way it should go; and do the same to the middle-aged and the aged, for it is much better to do this than to let them take razors and cut their own throats. Let the elders of Israel cease teaching the people who inhabit these valleys with regard to the principles of self-preservation and they would soon be destroyed. There are very few who can foresee the results of their own acts, and who understand that they would bring mischief upon themselves and break themselves up.

I shall take the liberty on this occasion of saying to every Latter-day Saint, sustain the Kingdom of God, for that sustains you; sustain those principles that have sustained us, and that have united our hearts together. Sustain those principles that do away with and destroy this feeling of nationality that is in the hearts of individuals, and that brings the people together and makes them one in their faith and hope and in the pursuits of life, and in all the ordinances of the house of God; one in their politics, in their morals, in their education; follow these principles and they will lead you to eternal life. I will speak plainer, so that there will be no misunderstanding. I saw on those little flags and banners that were borne in the procession to-day many mottoes. Among them was the following:—"Holiness to the Lord, Zion's Co-operative Institution." I make a request of all Latter-day Saints to remember this motto, and not only remember it, but carry it out in their lives. If we sustain those who are not of us, we shall find, sooner or later, that we have sustained our deadly enemies. They may speak with silken lips, and present themselves in our midst in a fair and gentlemanly manner; but sound the depths of their hearts, and if they could carry out their secret designs we should soon be scattered to the four winds. Sustain Zion's Co-operative Institution, no matter what that may be, whether in our Female Relief Societies, in our schools, merchandizing, trading, mechanism, or in whatever we may pursue, and let us be united in it and sustain those who sustain the Kingdom of God. All persons professing to be Latter-day Saints, who do not do it, will sooner or later go out of the Kingdom here on the earth, and though they may anticipate going in at the straight and narrow gate, yet the further they march the further they will find themselves from it. A person to enter in at the straight gate must lead one of the most righteous lives it is possible to conceive of.

I do not particularly desire to make a religious discourse on the present occasion, but I should like to instruct the minds of the brethren and sisters, and have them teach their children to sustain the kingdom of God. If we do not do this, it will not sustain us; if we do not use all the influence we possess and all the ability and power that God has given us to sustain His kingdom, by and by we shall find that we have missed the object of our pursuit. Then sustain the kingdom of God, and never seek to sustain those who are not members of that kingdom. Be not deceived by their fair professions; we who have had an experience, have known them from the beginning. Though I never saw Joseph Smith until after the Book of Mormon was written, yet he was one of my neighbours, and I knew his course of life, and that of the people who believed his testimony. I knew they had to leave one town and go to another, and had to go from county to county and from State to State. For what? Because they did not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? No. Was it because they infringed on their neighbours' rights, or took that which was not their own? No, they had to leave place after place because they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and because they tried to practice His doctrines; and I recollect well where much of the Book of Mormon was written, at father Whitmer's house. And they had to get up and leave, and they went to other places and finished the book. After that they came back again, but they had to leave again, they were not considered fit to live among the people. Were they morally wrong? Not by any means. Did they pray, keep the Sabbath day holy, and observe the laws of the land? Yes. Were they in the habit of gambling or

swearing? No. What, then, was the difficulty? The difficulty was, they believed that the Lord was about to set up His kingdom and that He had revealed His priesthood through Joseph Smith, and the people said, "We will not believe it and we will not have you who do believe it in our midst." So we had to leave, and we were driven from city to city, from county to county, and from State to State, until finally we came to these mountains; and now the cry is—"If it were not for your religion and your peculiar institutions, you would be hailed with joy and gladness." This is simply a repetition of the old cry. If it had not been for our unity in faith and politics, the people said in the early days of the Church, "We could bear with you; but we are afraid of your union."

Latter-day Saints, I want you to teach this to your children. Mothers, teach this to your children. Sunday school teachers, teach to your scholars that they must be one in their faith, hope and labour, and that all their efforts must be concentrated in building up the Kingdom of God on the earth, and in establishing every good and true principle. This is my exhortation to you in a religious point of view. As for politics, we care nothing about them one way or the other, although we are a political people; but it is for the right. That is what we sustain and try to promote. If the right will not bear us off conquerors, we must sink, for we will not sustain anything else. It is the Kingdom of God or nothing with us.

We are here on the present occasion to celebrate the day on which the standard of the Kingdom of God was planted in these mountains, and woe to the individuals who lift their hands against that kingdom, for God will smite them sooner or later! Is this true? The Scriptures, which you and I look upon as divine and call the word of the Lord, say so. I will not detain you. God bless the righteous, good, pure, virtuous and truthful all over the earth, but wrath and indignation rest upon the ungodly and the mobocrat, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

A number of impromptu toasts and sentiments, appropriate to the occasion, were then read, at the close of which, an anthem was sung by the choir, when the meeting was dismissed with a benediction from the chaplain.

Immediately after the close of the services in the Tabernacle, a salute of twenty-two guns was fired in honour of the twenty-second anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in these valleys.

The day's proceedings were characterized by that decorum and strict order which are invariable here on such occasions. The demonstrations were not noisy and turbulent, but were marked by a heartiness and sincerity which indicated that all who participated therein felt the worth and importance of the event they were celebrating.

PRODUCERS AND NON-PRODUCERS.

THERE never was a time in our history when there was so much confusion in the thought of the public as at the present. The ordinary thinker of the middle class has a notion that money is capital, and that the sense in which the word is used by commercial men in the city is the same as that by which it is to be understood in the language of political economy. The real capital fund is the means to do business, the tools to dig and delve, the roads which transmit the products of industry to market, and, last and not least, the muscle by means of which all the machinery and tools are to be set in motion. It might occasion a little temporary inconvenience if all the coin and bank-notes disappeared at once, but there would only be some little trouble for a time in adjusting the exchanges of producers. The loss of the right arm of a working man is a real loss to the community, for it destroys, or at least limits or decreases, its producing power. The loss of a

hundred or of fifty lives in a coalpit is a real loss; for so many tons less coal per annum will be produced, and the consumer must pay a higher price as the penalty of the loss. The destruction of a roadway, or of the machinery of a factory, or of a ship freighted with produce, is a loss of capital; but it is not a loss when gold is tight and discount is high. The money is somewhere, and will come back again like a fluid to the vacuum it left behind in consequence of a temporary force, but an arm or a life cannot be restored.

We have a highly artificial state of society. There are half a dozen stages before we reach the real men of the nation. Aristocracy, plutocracy, the professions, respectability, gentility, and distribution—all come between the labourer and the profits on his industry. In an aristocratic country there must be corruption, for every weak, vain fool, rich enough to pay for his whistle, will ape the manners and the vices, and wear himself to death in order to associate with the "Upper Ten." The thirty-two thousand landowners of England, by whose permission the English people are tenants at will, form a class by themselves—the landed aristocracy, which makes up "county society," gives law to poachers, and stimulates the trading class to screw down wages in order that they may buy land, and so enter the sacred thresholds of lords lieutenants, and sit by the side of magistrates as ignorant of law as they are of the first principles of justice and equity. This weakness runs down through every circle till it reaches the order of labour, and then "Society" in its several ranks is united to lecture the working man and the labourer as to their duties to Society. If we were to listen to what "Society" says, it is not in consequence of the mad and reckless speculations of the upper classes dressed in broad cloth; not the immoral construction of companies with aristocratic or plutocratic directors; not the "finance" companies, whose clever schemes sought to discount the profit of eleven years of work in nine years of time; not the waste and the extravagance of the genteel and respectable classes; but it was, and is, the tyrannical action of working men who wont accept the wages of agricultural labourers, in order that their productions may be sold greatly to the profit of the genteel classes, who now live on commissions, brokerages, salaries, and allowances.

We have reached at last the real vice of our social system. We oppressed the poor so long, we ground down wages so harshly, we imposed conditions of such degradation upon service, that instinctively there arose a desire to escape from manual labour. It is neither disgraceful nor dishonourable to live by the use of the hammer or the trowel, but then "Society" says it is not genteel—and the verdict of society is final and conclusive to weak minds. Hence the struggle is not to live by labour, but to live without labour. The lad whose father is a shopkeeper in a small way must be a clerk; the son of the clerk must be a clergyman or a lawyer—and so on, anything but production. Now, just let us see what this comes to in the end. There are between five and six millions of able-bodied workers in this country, including the agricultural labourers. The fund which these workers create in coal, in iron, in cereals, and in all home productions through every species of manufacture, is used as the pretence for an equal number of men taking their profits upon the fund produced by labour before it reaches the consumer. In fact, there is not a labourer in the kingdom who does not maintain his man in the circles above him. Human industry is taxed in order to keep genteel paupers, and the producer and the consumer between them are defrauded, through the contrivances of rentals, taxes, commissions, and profit, in order that "Society" may live.

It is the interest of a nation concerned for its material and social progress to retain all the elements of producing capital, and to deport all the useless and lazy classes to a better country, where gentility may be thrown to the dogs, and a new and earnest life commenced, of which the base shall be hard work—about half as hard as "Society" would have artizans work here, and for about twice the profit Society would pay if it could have all its own way. The present finance

crisis has, at least, exposed the hollowness of our artificial system of gentility, built upon our commerce, and upon the oppression of our working classes.

If trades are called upon to maintain half a dozen orders of distributors, the inevitable effect must be to enhance the price to the buyer, and to the same extent to check the operations of the producer. We must, therefore, seriously wage war upon the distributors who are not necessary to the development of the real capital of the country, and it is to their emigration that we should look as a relief to the now oppressed commerce of our country.

There is a wide difference between enterprise and speculation: for the first we need physical courage and endurance; for the other only cunning is needed. All the transactions of the Stock Exchange, and the bargains for time on the market, never enriched or added a pound to the wealth of the nation, nor would they do so a million times repeated every day. Money may be cleverly and dishonestly transferred from one pocket to another, but the nation is none the richer; but the man who adds a ton of coal or of iron to the stock, increases the wealth of the country, and provides for the comfort and employment of his fellow men. It is, therefore, not the working classes, but the non-producers and the distributors, who should be called upon to thin their ranks; and if in the attempt to found a new "Society" at the antipodes they choose to take the aristocracy with them, they are heartily welcome, so far as the English working classes are concerned. The work of the nation is only to be done by men neither ashamed nor unwilling to work; but, when it is done, the profit should be given to the workers alone.—*Reynolds's Newspaper.*

TIGHT LACING.

It does appear that the men of the period are determined to have the women of the period come as near perfection as possible, if faultfinding will do it. That hapless girl of the period, poor thing, has had almost all sorts of fault found with her of late, and now a crusade is in process of inception once more against the sin of tight-lacing, which, it is asserted, is becoming very common again. The *Daily Telegraph* talks in this wise upon the subject:—

"Tight-lacing was supposed to have gone out long since, but it has come upon us again, and worse than ever. Young ladies, your fuzzy heads and preposterous chignons were and are absurd enough. A girl with two heads is a monster, whatever she may think of herself; and the modern practice of rigging up behind a second head of false hair had and has nothing to recommend it. The only apology that can be offered for it is that it is a bonnet of hair. The hair is the bonnet, for the pinches of lace or the three or four sprigs of flowers which now-a-days are called bonnets would leave the wearers exposed to toothache, face-ache, and rheumatic pains of all kinds. The manifold bundles of petticoat and the huge balloons of crinoline were absurd enough, but they did not positively injure health. Nor can much be said in favour of the little pegs under the heels, which are intended to give height. Of course they only change a woman's or a girl's perpendicular proportions; and if nature intended her to be five feet two inches she will gain nothing in grace or loveliness by screwing herself up two or three inches higher. Still, save in so far as they may distort the foot, enfeeble the limb, and cause walking and exercise to be felt as a severer strain, the heel pegs are not gravely hurtful. For the tight-lacing there is not a word to be said. How can a stooping, braced-up girl be graceful? If she has not full command of her respiration, how can she move about in that enchanting way which is natural with girls when they leave nature to herself? It is positively dreadful to see

our flattened, tightened, ill-proportioned girls stooping painfully and tripping awkwardly about the streets. Artists dislike this fashion of tight-lacing, and physicians condemn it. Will not the girl of the period, then, take timely warning, and give up this latest and most hurtful of all eccentricities? If the ladies will but let go the stay-laces an inch or two, they will be so much more beautiful and comfortable, and better in health! It goes to our hearts to give them this rough counsel to their faces; but we are only saying what is said behind their backs by artists, by doctors, and all true lovers of the girl of the period."

The *Lancet* gives a medical view of the evil, thus:—

"A writer of a letter to the *Times*, who signs herself 'Not a Girl of the Period,' takes up the cudgels on behalf of the tight-lacers, and impugns the accuracy of our opinion that the practice is as injurious to the health as its effects are monstrous to the eye. The latter point we would cheerfully leave to the decision of men of taste. We should have to take exception, however, to those who, from a lengthened residence in China, have become accustomed to the distorted foot which the ladies of that country delight in producing by arts not very dissimilar from those employed by the seekers after a "good figure" in Europe. These are prejudiced observers, and their judgment would doubtless be biassed. The injury to health is a less complicated question. Its occurrence is explained by a few very elementary facts in physiology. Our fair critic is not probably aware that the human body is so constituted that very free movement of the chest walls—by alternate elevation and depression of the ribs—is just as necessary for the supply of air to the lungs as are the movements of the bellows by which the blacksmith blows his furnace. If the blacksmith sits upon his bellows he spoils the working of the instrument, and his fire goes out. If a lady encases herself in a stiff pair of stays, and laces them tightly, the lungs would be quite unprovided with air, and she would speedily die but for the action of the diaphragm. By this she is saved, but her safety is purchased at a ruinous expense. Breathing, as it is thus carried on, produces downward pressure instead of lateral expansion, increasing the difficulties under which the digestive organs, compressed out of shape by the constriction of the waist, do their work, and causing displacements and derangements which create perhaps more domestic unhappiness than any other circumstance in life. Need we point to the gloom of the household where the wife is always ailing, compelled to keep her sofa day by day, and presenting a face which is scarcely less pinched and careworn than that of her husband, doubly embarrassed as he is by the loss of her help, and anxiety for her personal safety. And we do not hesitate to say that to the practice of tight lacing is due a very large number of distressing female ailments, over and beyond those derangements of digestion and circulation to which we have already referred."

It is to be hoped that the "girl of the period" and the "not a girl of the period," will both take heed to good advice, and not persist in making wasps of themselves, for little benefit can there be in such a practice. All men, and especially all women, need all the health and vigor they can secure, and it is their duty and their privilege to adopt the proper means to that desirable end.

GOING TO WHITE PINE.

The following is a graphic description of one of the alkali deserts of the Great Basin of North America, perhaps of the worst in that region, though anything worse than the Bitter Creek country, east of Salt Lake, seems needless:—

"The Humboldt Valley is from ten to twenty miles wide, probably the latter, as the pure atmosphere enables

one to see at great distances, and deceives the eye of the inexperienced. All is sublimity, desolation, and grandeur. With the single exception of a few rods from either bank of the Humboldt, there is no earthly sign or token of vegetation. All the mountain sides are bare, covered with stones, as if just thrown out of volcanoes; not a tree, not a shrub, save the sage brush; not a bird, not a living animal; not a sound save the rattling of the coach. All is silence, desolation. Mighty mountains basking in a burning sun, and a plain covered with a ribbon of bright green, lying in the centre, while its broad edges are deep yellow or dusty brown. The soil is simply pulverized alkali, and the dust, in clouds, covers the stage, blankets the horses, chokes and blinds and stifles those inside, while we of the outside, shielded by green veils and seated high up, escape in some measure its suffocating and blinding power. We leave Elko at ten o'clock, lying 3,000 feet above the sea, and are doomed for 22 hours to follow the Humboldt until we climb gradually up and up to 12,000 feet above it, where I now write, and even here I look up Treasure Hill, 1,200 feet higher. I do not exaggerate at all when I say that this one day's journey, for positive discomfort, exceeds any other of the same distance on the earth, unless it be in the centre of Africa. The silence and desolation that everywhere meet the eye impress all men, and they grow moody and finally sink into utter dumbness. The mist thickens and hangs in dark clouds like a tropical thunder storm on the carriage and its inmates. The horses snort and cough, as it fills their lungs; it permeates the nose and eyes and ears of the passengers, it makes them blind, and deaf, and dumb; it permeates the clothes, creeps under your underclothing, thickens around the eyes, makes them red like a drunkard's; you eat it, drink it, breathe it, snuff it; it clothes you, covers you, fills all the pores and interstices of the body, and each man and woman is a living, moving mass of alkaline dust. The horses, lost to sight, dash on, up hill and down hill, at the rate of seven miles per hour, though the dust crumbles beneath their feet at least ten inches in depth, and they are actually blanketed with alkali. Here and there the Humboldt crosses the road, and with its bright laughing waters, gurgles along, making the dust and thirst more stifling by contrast. The horses snort as we stop to give them drink, and the passengers climb down and rush to the water like the camel of the desert. A breathing moment, and away again we go, higher, yet higher, and still enshrouded in the same dusty cloud. The sun pours down into the coach, and as it rises to its meridian height it scorches and burns, and with the alkali our passengers are soon like deviled ham, a dirty red, until all identity is gone. Men's whiskers, mustaches, and hair are all stiffened with alkali, and the very highest point of discomfort and misery is reached. As we dash along, no bird sounds a note to soothe us; not a living, moving thing is seen, save now and then, at long intervals, an Indian fishing for trout in the Humboldt; not a horse, not a sheep, not an antelope; not a house or barn or field or fence meets the eye, as we drive onward."—Letter in *Chicago Post*.

A Parisian author has translated Shakspeare's line, "Out, brief candle," into French thus—"Get out, you short candle."

Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going West. On one of the waggons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, it is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the general always told him to carry his whisky jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."—*New York Tribune*.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

WANT TO CROSS THE WATER.

The spirit of gathering works so powerfully among the Saints in Europe that their desire to leave the nations and go to Zion is exceedingly strong, and is weakened not a bit by poverty, shortness of work, or any other of the evils which abound in these old countries. So strong is the desire to emigrate, that many persons would gladly bid adieu to their native lands in Europe and cross the briny deep, if they had means to do so, and had not a shilling in their pockets when they landed on the transatlantic shore. We sympathize with the brethren in their great desire to emigrate, but a little prudence, even in emigration matters, is a useful thing.

In the first place, poverty is poverty in America as well as in Europe, and is exceedingly inconvenient in either quarter of the globe, though a little of it may be very salutary. Again, there is as much wickedness in New York as in Liverpool, some people say more. But if there is as much, there is quite enough. The wickedness you can not well avoid meeting. The poverty you may, except you take it with you, and then you can hardly expect to get rid of it as soon as you may desire. When you are tried with wickedness and poverty both together and in a strange land too, the trial is very severe, and everybody can not endure it, cannot pass through it unscathed. And if we pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," it will not be very consistent if we run rashly into the midst of temptation and evil.

The local authorities at New York are by no means favourable to emigrants dropping there, without any means to go further into the country, or to sustain themselves. They want no poor emigrants (foreign paupers, they esteem them) to fall upon the city taxes for aid. The New Yorkers are too fond of appropriating their taxes to their own welfare, to be willing to give emigrants a very large share of them. Nor are we disposed to blame the people of New York much on this point. Many thousands of emigrants land at that city, and if all the poor were to be helped there, and so encouraged to go, the city might soon be entirely swamped financially. It is heavy sailing sometimes as it is. But it would be to the interest of the United States if the interior States would make arrangements to take poor emigrants as they are landed at New York and convey them westward free, or by loan, to points of the country where labour is plentiful and muscle and skill are needed. Such, however, not being materially the case, so far as we know, when poor emigrants drop into New York, there they must remain, half helpless and dependent, for a while, unless the authorities, in a fit of indignation, send them back to the countries whence they came.

It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive, and certainly it is more blessed to help oneself than to be helped. Self-help is the best help, though it may not be always available nor sufficient. If you go to stay awhile in the States, it is far better to be able to help yourself when you get there, than to be wholly or largely dependent on others, who may be unable or unwilling to help you, or both, and in neither case will you be in a pleasant predicament.

Self-help is one great characteristic of Americans. In these countries the governments help the people to take care of themselves, surrounding them by all sorts of safeguards, fencing in the railroads, so that nobody shall get hurt thereby, and doing all manner of things of public prevention. These things are managed differently in America. There everybody considers himself competent to take care of himself. Everybody uses his own mind, acts upon his own intelligence, keeps himself out of the way of the engine, for the railroads are open to the public, running, often unfenced, into and through the middle of cities and towns, so that even children soon learn the principle of self-dependence, and begin to "look out for the engine when the bell rings," if not before.

America produces no "country bumpkins." Such characters are not indigenous to that continent, nor is it a very easy matter to acclimatize them, where they are subject to the attrition of contact with their fellow citizens. The American people, as a general thing, learn to take good care of themselves, too good care for their country's good sometimes, for they are apt to become as keen as a razor newly set. Emigrants, therefore, who drop into New York to stay, whether they have money or not, but especially if they have not, should be competent to take care of themselves, and ask little or no help or odds of anybody, friends or foes. If they are not prepared to do this, perhaps they would do as well to stay at home where they are acquainted, and where they can get along in some sort of a fashion. In a newspaper we picked up the other day, the following advice was given to emigrants landing at New York, and it is not bad nor inopportune:—

Emigrants, don't come out here, as I have seen many, without a little money in your pockets. If you do, you will find yourselves half-starved, and in the greatest misery before a week goes over your head after landing in New York. You can't pick up either money or work at a moment's notice in this city, and people here are not so lavish as to give everyone who asks a dollar. There are too many out of employment here for you strangers to pick up jobs as you want them. If you can avoid it, don't stop in New York a day; "go slick off West;" you will stand a far better chance of getting work. Those who have a little money let them look well after it, or they won't have it long. About Castle Gardens there are plenty of "sharpers" and "agreeable people" always on the look out for "greenhorns," and if it is to be done they'll filch you quickly. Beware, also, of the people who stand outside the Gardens with "respectable lodging-house cards;" don't take 'em. Go into the city and take a respectable place.

With the Saints, to "go slick off West," means, to "go slick off to Salt Lake," if possible, which all would do if they could.

In another place will be found a letter from Elder W. H. Miles, of New York, upon this subject, stating the present prospects for work, &c., there. We have spoken on the matter in a general way, to lead the Saints who wish to emigrate to the States, to exercise their own judgment and be satisfied in their own minds what will be the best for them to do in certain contingencies.

Certainly, when the sea is crossed, the greatest obstacle to the gathering of the European Saints is overcome. The suggestion then naturally arises—"If I were to go to the States, and work there, I should get to Salt Lake City much quicker than if I stay here and work, or run the chance of work." Perhaps you would, possibly not. It would depend much on the manner of man you are. If you are competent to take care of yourself in a strange country, and "hoe your own row," it would be well for you to go; if you are not a man of that kind, it is doubtful whether going to stay awhile in the States would be of much benefit to you.

J. J.

THE MORMON QUESTION.

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Here it is again, the great open question of the world, the great unsolved problem, concerning which every wiseacre of a penny-a-liner has delivered himself with owlish oracularity, and has proposed a speedy, safe, and certain solution, which, however, has possessed the inevitable merit of failure, until now great statesmen, learned and pious divines, and able and experienced publicists, begin to doubt the efficacy of specific solutions and wonder whereunto the thing will grow. Generally they build their hopes on the railroad, but some of them begin to be dubious of the power of the locomotive even to drive in the entering wedge that shall split up Mormonism.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* has been over to Salt Lake and made his report, which is of that antiquated character which delights in relating the most outlandish things, and impudently offers them as the truth itself. We have about done taking special notice of that class of statements, for nobody of intelligence believes them as they are presented. In this instance we presume our friend Greeley was not at home, or was innocently dozing, or was busy on his new dissertation on political economy, otherwise he might have kept the columns of the *Tribune* clear from the mass of scurrility which his veracious correspondent has foisted upon the public.

Some of the correspondent's "facts" are offered on the authority of "a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity," who, it is presumable, is a blood relation of the "reliable gentleman" and the "intelligent contraband" of the American civil war times.

But the *Tribune* has an editorial upon the subject, predicated upon the vagaries of its correspondent, and accepting them as a true bill. Now Mr. Greeley should have seen the editorial, if he did not write it, and as he is the responsible editor of the *Tribune* we must give him credit for the drift of the article. The writer of the same assumes that the patience (patience is a virtue) with which decent people have listened to the stories of things at Salt Lake City was largely founded on the conviction that before the flood of light which the opening of the Pacific Railroad would pour into the dominions of Brigham Young, the dark superstition of the Latter-day Saints must speedily break away. Come, come, now, friend Greeley, there you are again. Decent people, flood of light, dark superstition swept away. A New York editor waxing eloquent in that sort of a strain! Now, brother Greeley, as mild as

you can, if you please. You are not a bad sort of fellow in the main, although your steed may run away with you occasionally.

Still cogitating, the *Tribune* man says it seems impossible that Mormonism should long withstand the agency of the great steam civilizer, yet even the Gentiles of Salt Lake City doubt whether Mormonism, after all, will not come off triumphant. And well they may, for they have had some experience in the matter. This brings to mind an anecdote which we heard a month or two ago. Billy G., a notorious old "Gentile" resident of Salt Lake City, speaking on railroad matters, in language more forcible than elegant, and which we shall not exactly reproduce, contended, even with his own clan, that things would happen eventually just as President Young had declared, for, said Billy, I have bucked against him for nearly a score of years, and things always came out as he said they would.

Then the *Tribune* flies off at a tangent again, and talks a little at random of more enlightened population, dissemination of intelligence, books and magazines and newspapers, burden of superstition, loathsome practice at which civilized nations lift up their hands in horror, and more of that old patent medicine sort of thing. A little milder, please, friend Greeley. Keep a tight hand on the check rein, and reflect that when we take into account the many really, not rhetorically, loathsome practices which prevail right under the nose and eyes of civilized nations, and which their civilization fosters, it must be a very abominable practice indeed at which civilized nations can justifiably lift up their hands in horror. Very abominable, must it not, Brother Greeley? So abominable that nothing of the kind exists among the Mormons, only as Gentiles furtively introduce it.

The *Tribune*, though it clings to the belief or hope that Mormonism cannot long survive the influences of the railroad, still is evidently not very sanguine of a speedy overthrow of our institutions, but "supposes the Saints must dwindle away where they are, and Mormonism must die out, rather than break to pieces;" that the "new generation of believers will grow up with thoughts and customs very different from those of their ancestors;" and that "Mormonism then will cease to be disgusting, though it may not become rational." We would like to inform the *Tribune*, as it seems to be grossly ignorant in the matter, that there is nothing disgusting in Mormonism; and we would also like to ask that paper whether civilization will ever cease to be disgusting, for exceedingly disgusting features it has, according to the showing of its own great mouthpieces.

Now these "influences of the railroad," with the "flood of light" so much talked about—what are they? Prominently mentioned among them by the *Tribune* correspondent, are "wicked Gentile towns and yellow-covered literature." The *Tribune* editor snatches up, with rather foolish eagerness, the idea of the "yellow-covered literature" as a means to overthrow Mormonism. Once upon a time the seductions and adulteries of the soldiery were a great hope, much relied upon, as a powerful influence for the overthrow of Mormonism. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, an American lady of much intelligence and acility, reiterates the well-known fact that the influence of the presence of a detachment of soldiers in any town is invariably towards licentiousness. We do not hear so much of the soldiery influence of late. Now it is "wicked Gentile towns" and "yellow-covered literature" that

are the means to be used. Wicked Gentile towns, such as Cheyenne, Laramie, Bear River, Corinne, we presume, with their whisky shops, their gambling dens, their dance-houses, their profanity, drunkenness, unblushing lewdness, and lawlessness, their bloody record of high crimes and misdemeanours.

Says the *Tribune* in its blindness, "Our correspondent well remarks that 'even the trashiest of yellow-coloured novels are dangerous enemies to Mormonism.'" Really, Mr. Greeley, that precious civilization of yours must have got into its forlorn hope assault upon Mormonism, when it calls in the aid of the "trashiest of yellow-coloured novels," on the ground that it is a dangerous enemy to Mormonism. You ought to be positively ashamed of such allies. Perhaps there is one step lower that you might take, and but one, for allies. You might call in the aid of Parisian prints, Holywell-street literature, and French letters, and then you would have pretty well exhausted Satan's instruments and armoury. But, friend Greeley, we ask you soberly if it would be any credit to Mormonism if such trash were its friends? The trashy yellow-coloured novel, its adulterous heroes and heroines, its highly-wrought plot, its improbable incidents, its voluptuous scenes, its high-pressure march of events, its flashy descriptions, its grossly sensuous illustrations, its licentious language, its gaudy and meretricious word-painting, its debasing relations of intrigues and assignations, its demoralizing and debauching influences—this trashy novel is an enemy to Mormonism. We are right glad of it. We would not have it otherwise by any manner of means. If the *Tribune* admires such allies, it is heartily welcome to them. If civilization needs them, it is equally welcome. Mormonism scorns such allies. It prefers their enmity to their friendship any time and all the time. But if wicked Gentile towns and trashy yellow-covered literature are the hope of the world in its crusade against Mormonism, if those are the "floods of light to be poured into the dominions of Brigham Young," then Mormonism is in excellently good case, and civilization is a much rottener and more loathsome thing than we had supposed, and we knew quite as much as we wished to know to its discredit.

J. J.

Another Company of Saints will leave Liverpool on the 22nd of September, composed exclusively of those who have means of their own to pay their way to Ogden, and those who will be notified from this Office; no others need apply. Those who can go at that time are requested to forward their names and ages as soon as possible, and to be in Liverpool by the 21st of September, without any further notification. As they arrive in this town, one of each party is requested to come directly to this Office, prepared to settle for their tickets, and receive instructions as to where their luggage is to be taken. As will be seen from brother Miles's letter, published elsewhere in this number, it is advisable that none go on the 22nd, except those able to go through to Ogden.

At Ogden.—By the *Deseret News*, of August 20, we learn that the company of emigrant Saints, which sailed from this port on the *Colorado* July 28th, arrived safely at Ogden, August 20th, and a portion of them were expected in Salt Lake City the next day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

New York, August 20, 1869.

President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother, — I have received yours of Aug. 5. You ask for information in regard to those who wish to come here and take their chances for employment, with a view of their being able to accumulate enough to gather themselves.

I would say, that it would be better, at the *present time*, for those who have employment, to remain, if they can earn sufficient to live, until times improve here. Business of all kinds, except *building*, is very dull. That class, I believe, can do well.

Nearly all of those who came from the Shepherd's Bush Branch have at length obtained work; but it has come a little hard on some of our brethren here, who have for years been saving a little towards emigrating themselves, and have been obliged to part with that little, for the time being, to assist their poor brethren, thereby delaying their own emigration in some instances. If those who come to stay here awhile could have enough money left, on their arrival, to pay for one month's rent of apartments, in advance, say from eight to ten dollars, and a trifle in addition, to purchase at least one week's provisions, I could see no objections to their taking their chances for employment. But to burden their brethren here, when they are scarcely able to help themselves, I cannot see any justice in it, or good to be accomplished by it. We have done the best we could for those that have come, and should feel pleased, if we had the power, to do a hundredfold better, and I have no doubt that most all feel very grateful for the help given, but it is doubtful if I shall be able to get all the money refunded before the emigration closes.

With kind regards to yourself and brother Jaques, in which brothers Teasdale and Staines join,

I remain,

Your Brother in the Gospel,

WM. H. MILES.

ENGLAND.

5, Laurence-street, Sunderland, September 4th, 1869.

President Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I thought this morning, while everything was still, that I would pen you a few lines, that you might know how we are getting on in this part of the vineyard. I consider we are greatly blessed. The Saints feel well and generally manifest a desire to be faithful. They are generous and warmhearted. We find a great many outside of the church the same, and they manifest a willingness to hear what we have to say to them. We have held four out-door meetings within three weeks. They were well attended and good attention was given. Some few persons have given heed to what was said, and have presented themselves for baptism, and some old members, that had been cut off, are reviving and renewing their covenants. The prospects for the cause of truth in this part are truly flattering, but we find some doing all they can to oppose the truth. This tends to encourage us, for Jesus said, "Wo unto you when all men speak well of you," and we need to be as one of old said, as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. The devil is afraid of the Mormons, for he knows that the kingdom of God is on the earth, and that we are gathering Israel. So do his agents here upon the earth. Their sandy foundation is washing out, and the cloak of ignorance which they have thrown around the people will be torn, so that the honest can see the Gospel in its true light.

I feel to thank my Heavenly Father all the day long, that His servants found me worthy to come on this mission, that I might know what I did enjoy in my mountain home among the Latter-day Saints. The contrast is great between the moral condition of this country and that of my mountain home. Give me Salt Lake, with all the slanders and lies that are told about the people. I can truthfully say that there is more wickedness

practised here in one day and night than has been in Utah since its early settlement up to the present time. Never mind the grasshoppers in Utah, the Mormons will outlive them and all enemies. The little stone that Daniel saw is cut out, and will accomplish the work that he said it would. May the Lord bless His servants who are preaching His word in this land and all others. I feel as strong as a lion in standing for the defence of the work in which I am engaged.

May God bless you and all who are with you in the great cause of truth. Brother George Noble joins with me in love to you and all in the office.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

GEORGE H. PETERSON.

UTAH NEWS.

The *Daily Telegraph* was to reappear August 17.

An exceedingly heavy thunderstorm passed over Ogden, Aug. 12, with soaking showers of rain.

Madame Scheller was resting at Salt Lake City a few weeks, previous to a visit to California.

Mr. William Hanly, of Nephi, committed suicide, Aug. 4, by blowing off the upper part of his head with his gun, dying immediately.

The potato disease had appeared, for the first time in the Territory, among some of Brother Mark Lindsay's Early Goodrich potatoes.

Revd. B. F. Whitlemore, member of Congress from South Carolina, and Methodist minister, preached in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Aug. 15.

Brother George Careless had been appointed conductor of the Tabernacle choir, and was desirous to obtain 100 to 150 good voices to organize an efficient choir for the services in the Tabernacle on Sundays.

On August 6th, the Tenth Ward Sunday School met at 1 p.m., and engaged in singing, giving recitations, presenting toasts and sentiments, delivering speeches, followed by dancing, first by the children and afterwards by the parents and teachers.

A number of White Piners had organized an expedition, to start from Treasure City, and pass Pahranagat Lake and the Muddy settlements to Callville, establish a ferry there, then run down the river 35 miles to El Dorado cañon, and establish a town, whence explorations might radiate in the adjoining country.

Elder Erastus Snow writes to President Young, July 23. In a recent tour through the western settlements, Elder Snow found about 20 families at Hebron, on Shoal Creek, half-a-dozen in Clover Valley, 48 at Panacca in Meadow Valley, under Bishop Alexander F. Barron, 45 at Eagleville in Eagle Valley, a settlement in Spring Valley, and a few ranches between and on the way to St. George. Crops looked well in Meadow Valley, but in the other settlements the grasshoppers had destroyed the early small grain. The Indians around were peaceably inclined, the Elk Mountain Utes excepted.

On August 9th, the 20th Ward Sunday and Day Schools assembled at the Ward School-house for recreation. First came an examination of the children as to their proficiency in writing and various branches of knowledge. Then the boys were indulged in military drill, which pleased them hugely. The schools afterwards repaired to Brother Mark Lindsay's gardens on the bench northward, where the children enjoyed themselves greatly with swings, roundabouts, and creature comforts, reassembling at the School-house for dancing and various youthful games until night set in.

Mrs. St. Clair had been lecturing, in a fair play strain, at San Francisco, Cal., upon "Mormon Women; or, Six Months in Utah."

The 14th Ward Sabbath School, 400 strong, spent a pleasant day of recreation at Calder's Farm, Aug. 16. The parents and elderly people generally enjoyed themselves in a moonlight dance, after the young folks had had their share of enjoyment.

The heaviest thunder storm known there in August, occurred at Salt Lake City on the evening of Aug. 19, the rain, accompanied by almost incessant thunder and vivid lightning, falling heavily until far into the night.

Brother Dunford has a farm of ninety acres, on the bench close to the base of Rocky Point, south-east of Salt Lake City, well fenced. His barley averaged 30 bushels per acre, and his wheat was expected to average 25 bushels, all raised without the aid of irrigation.

Lotta, Mr. Chaplin, Misses Lockhart and Ward, General Tom Thumb and wife, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, Mr. Kennedy (Scotch vocalist), Miss Geraldine Warden, and Murphy and Mack's minstrels, were among the most recent attractions in the amusement line. The theatre closed, Aug. 2, for the hot season, but opened for ten nights of minstrelsy on the 18th.

The Bloomington (Ill.) *Pantagraph* says Col. J. H. Wickizer, Mail Supervising Agent for the country from the Mississippi to the mountains, with headquarters at Salt Lake City, is the right man in the right place. It is to be hoped he is, for some of the mail arrangements over yonder need a little investigation. The mountain country is getting to be one of the most important countries in the world, and the mail arrangements ought to be first-class.

President Geo. A. Smith reports that the Provo Bench canal has proved a perfect success, supplying water in abundance to those having farms on the bench. It is proposed to take out another ditch, this fall, about two miles lower down, for the farms near the Lake. The grasshoppers had done considerable damage to the late crops at Provo, but the crops on the bench, especially the cane, were very good, equal to any ever raised in the Territory.

Brother Curtis E. Bolton gives a cheerful account of things at St. Thomas, on the Muddy. When he left, middle of July, good health prevailed, with slight exceptions. No grasshoppers had visited the settlement. The settlers were very busy planting corn and sugar cane. Little or no cotton would be raised, and only half a crop of wheat, in consequence of imperfect irrigating arrangements. Only one rain had fallen this season, but that was in time to save the wheat crop. The Virgin River was almost dry between St. Thomas and the Colorado, and the latter river was very low. The Indians on the Muddy were peaceable as usual, and were about leaving St. Thomas to go down the Virgin to plant corn and squashes. There were forty-five families in St. Thomas. The improvements the past two years at Leeds, Washington, Kanarra, Summit and many other places, were wonderful.

Brother Edward Stevenson had made a tour of Utah county, with President Joseph Young. The grasshoppers had done more mischief this season at Spanish Fork than for three seasons past. Nevertheless, sufficient breadstuffs had been raised the present season to last the settlement three years. Brother Cornaby had raised ten pounds of silk cocoons and half a pound of eggs. Brother Myers had raised 2000 pounds of grapes in his vineyard. At Springville, the 'hoppers had done considerable damage to the corn, fruit, and vegetables, but were travelling northward. Battle Creek, American Fork, and Lehi were clear of the insect plague; Lehi had been so all the season, and the crops were looking uncommonly well. In Lehi some land had yielded 80 bushels of wheat to the acre.

The above are gathered from the *Deseret News*.